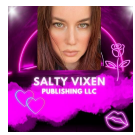
# Of Blindfolds & Bedmates

Salty Vixen

**Salty Vixen Publishing LLC**



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You've been waiting in the bar for almost an hour. Your husband dropped you off quarter of a mile away, minimizing the possibility

of you being seen together. You walked the rest of the way alone, bought yourself a double Vodka on the rocks, and chose a discreet seat where you were unlikely to be noticed, but from where you could see everything.

Your husband didn't arrive for over twenty minutes. In that time, your eyes have wandered around the room, appraising all of the single men. Each time your eyes lingered on one, you'd wonder: Is that him? Is he the one?

Of course, none of them were. You know what he'll look like. You selected his photograph very carefully, having scrutinized his emails a dozen times. He's been carefully vetted for lots of factors: age, appearance, social standing, education, geographical location. It took time to find someone who met all the criteria, but you found him all the same.

When your husband arrived, he sat at a table across the room from you. He made no eye contact, no gesture towards you. Two complete strangers, exactly as you'd planned it.

As the hour is almost up, your husband stands to greet someone. It's him. The one. He looks much as he did in his photograph. You feel your heart steady itself with the sense of relief. Your husband and the stranger are talking easily. They smile. The stranger walks towards the bar.

Your husband rubs his left shoulder with his right hand. You answer him by circling your fingertip around the top of your glass. If you'd pushed the glass away from you, it would have meant, "No thanks." You would have finished your drink, and quickly left to walk to another bar a hundred yards further down the street. Your husband would have waited until you'd gone, and then explained to the stranger that he'd been 'rejected', before leaving himself.

As it is, that part of the plan is unnecessary.

You casually watch the two men talking. It would be an interesting conversation to listen in on, if not a little bizarre. If only you'd learned to lip read. What a skill that would be to have tucked away. Or if you'd thought to ask your husband to secrete a tape recorder

in his pocket. You could have listened to their conversation back at home, while he went down on you.

Such thoughts pass. You've had three Vodkas now, doubles, more than enough to loosen your taut nerves. After all, this is meant to be about pleasure. Yours and your husband's. And you've achieved your first aim, totally anonymity. No one knows who you are, where you're from. No one knows that your husband is sitting not twenty feet away from you. This is the result of planning, calm deliberation. Nothing has been left to chance.

The two men stand up. This is where the plan has been most carefully devised. There is a hotel nearby, a room already reserved. Your husband will take the other man there in order to make the final preparations. In fifteen minutes, you'll follow them.

You can't keep yourself from checking your watch. Twelve minutes still to go. Ten. Five. Three. You swallow what's left of your drink and walk outside. The fresh air hits you hard, a sharp reminder of the three large vodkas inside you. There's a light evening breeze, deliciously reviving after the stuffy, smoke-filled bar. You breathe deeply as you walk the short distance to the hotel. The muffled thud of your heart is too quick, so you try to focus, focus, to calm your nerves, to still the adrenalin coursing through your body.

You take the lift to the second floor; turn right, ten yards down the corridor. Your husband waits for you outside the door to room forty nine. He looks calm, centred. He hands you the key card. After a moment's hesitancy, the LED on the door lock changes from red to green, and you push open the door and step inside.

The other man is waiting for you too. Not that he could do much else. He is lying on the large double bed, his wrists tied to either side of the headboard. He is naked, except for the tight cotton shorts. His semi-erection is evident. The wide blindfold reassures you.

"Is she here?" he asks. There is nervousness in his voice.

Your husband smiles at you. "Yes."

The stranger coughs shallow. “Hello.”

“Hello.” Your voice sounds strange to you, huskier. The vodka? The nerves?

You take off your coat while your husband locks the door, and sit down on the edge of the bed. The stranger is lean and tanned. He’s around a decade younger than both you and your husband. His skin is smooth, almost hairless. The urge to touch him is very strong. You glance back over your shoulder at your husband. He looks deep into your eyes, and then nods.

Reaching out, you stroke your hand across his lightly muscled chest. The stranger shivers. “Is that you?” he asks, sounding close to panic.

“It’s me,” you reply. His body visibly uncoils at the proximity of your voice. Your hand trails down across his firm abdomen.

“How do you feel?”

“Nervous.” His hips twitch. “Horny.”

“So I can see.” Your fingertips skirt the outline of his cock. He’s a well-endowed young man, just as he promised in his email. You lightly drag one manicured nail from the tip of his cock down the centre of the thick shaft. The stranger gasps, and tries to press his hips forward to meet your touch, to increase the pressure, the point of contact. You gently press him back against the bed.

“No need to strain yourself,” you say. “I’ll take care of everything.”

You stand up and start unbuttoning your blouse. “I’m taking my clothes off now.” You unzip your skirt and let it slide down your legs to the floor. “Now I’m just in my lingerie.” You describe to him your red and black bra, the matching thong, the sheer black stockings and the black ankle boots. You smile at how his cock becomes thicker and stiffer with every word.

You bend down and flick the tip of your tongue across his nipples. He shudders. “Oh yes!”

Your hands slip down his flanks to the waistband of his shorts. “You won’t be needing these,” you whisper, drawing them down his muscled legs and dropping them to the floor. He has a lovely cock; good length, nice and thick, tanned like the rest of his body. His balls are shaved smooth. The sight of them makes your mouth water, so you lean forward and draw your tongue across them. Another gasp of pleasure from your helpless victim. You take hold of his prick, rolling the foreskin down and back. A glistening dew-drop of semen appears at the point of his cockhead.

“Would you like me to take your cock in my mouth?” you ask innocently.

“Oh yes,” he cries. “Oh God, please, yes.”

Slowly, you slip the stranger’s cockhead between your lips. The first new cock to find its way inside your mouth in ten years. The thought makes you shiver, good and bad, all at once. You take his shaft as deep as you can, mouth full of squeaky fresh cock. You feel like a whore, but isn’t that what you wanted, what your husband wanted? To break the mould? To unleash yourselves?

You glance over at your husband as your mouth pleasures this stranger's cock. He is watching you intently. His face is a mask of lust. Beside him on the coffee table is a video camera, recording everything that happens. You know that there will be even more pleasure, later, when your husband fucks you wildly while tonight's footage plays on the television.

Your mouth is driving the stranger wild. He writhes against the bed, wrists twisting against the bonds. He'll be sore later, but you doubt if he'll be too concerned. The memories of tonight should prove to be a more than adequate anaesthetic.

You can tell by the way his shaft is beginning to throb, by the way his thighs are twitching, that the stranger's orgasm is not very far away. You ease him from your mouth, working him with your hand while you speak. "Do you want me to bring you off with my mouth? Or would you rather I used my pussy?"

"Your pussy. Yes. Your pussy. I want to be inside you." His head bobs up and down frantically.

You look back to your husband. This has gone further than you expected. You hadn't planned on giving the stranger anything but a blowjob he'd never forget. Now your own lust has caught you off guard. Your cunt is soaking. You can scarcely believe how wet you are, just from having this stranger's cock in your mouth. But you're sopping wet, aching to be filled by this thick, vibrant cock.

This is something that your husband has long fantasized about. Seeing another man's cock deep within your sex. Seeing you writhing in pleasure, seeing you come, as some stranger's shaft thrusts in and out of your tight, warm cunt. Taking you. Fulfilling you. You were never sure that it was something that you could give him, but now, right now, the need to be penetrated is so great, and the writhing of the stranger, the hunger in your husband's eyes is

only making it grow.

You roll a condom onto the stranger's prick. Your hands tremble, your mouth paper dry. You stand up and remove your soaking thong, tossing the damp cotton across the room to your husband, so that he can see just how wet you are.

A myriad of sensations course through you as you climb onto the bed. Fear, excitement, lust, doubt, certainty, need, power. They scramble your nerves, each crying out for your focused attention. It's a heady sensation, as potent as anything you've experienced before.

You shiver as you swing your leg across his. There's a burst of electricity as the naked flesh of your inner thigh touches his skin. So close now. So close to having this new cock inside you. All you have to do is raise yourself up on your knees and adjust his erection a few inches, and his cockhead will be nestling within your labia, at the very portal of your sex.

You glance to the right. Your husband has unzipped his trousers and is slowly stroking his own erection. As you watch, you ease the stranger's cock towards you. His cockhead brushes against your clitoris, and another brilliant burst of electricity lights your body. You're shivering wildly as you raise yourself, slipping the cockhead between your labia, until you can feel the tip penetrating your sex.

All you have to do now is lower yourself onto him.

The rage of emotions and sensations is unbelievable. But slicing

through it all is the need to have, to be penetrated, filled, fucked, no matter what the source, no matter what the cost.

And so you smile at your watching husband, run the tip of your tongue wantonly around your lips and lower yourself.

You and the stranger gasp in unison. His cock burns your flesh, stretches your boundaries, branding you a woman in search of adventure, of pleasure, of satisfaction. You ride the stranger hard, as hard as you've ever ridden a cock.

Your husband slips from your gaze, from your mind. You become oblivious to everything, everything but the body beneath you, the cock inside you. You yearn to kiss the stranger, but that's something you haven't even considered discussing. Maybe next time. Yes, next time.

Pleasures of the mind and the body collide inside you, and you have to bite down hard to stop yourself screaming as your first orgasm tears through you.

You slow your pace to catch your breath. There are drops of sweat across the stranger's chest, along his arms and his thighs. You can feel the dampness against the cheeks of your ass. He continues to thrust vigorously into you, and you know that his own climax is surfacing again. You could climb off him now, finish him with your hand, or rip the condom from his flesh and take him in your mouth, drinking deep of his hot seed. But you want to feel him coming inside you, feel his shaft throbbing against the soft walls of your cunt. You ride harder, faster, both of you gasping for breath.

"I'm coming," he groans, and you feel the familiar pulsing of his shaft inside you, so like your husband's and yet still brand new. The thought is thrilling. You've taken a stranger's cock inside you, in front of your husband, ridden it to orgasm with your husband's blessing. You feel your second orgasm blooming, and you grind your clitoris down hard against the stranger's pubis, your climax

exploding like a shell, the stranger's cock throbbing inside you as he erupts.

You ride him to a standstill. After a few minutes, you ease yourself off him. His condom-covered cock wilts against his belly. The stranger looks as spent as his prick.

You touch your finger to his lips.

"Thank you."

"Thank you," he says.

You dress quickly, leaving your thong with your husband. You won't need it again this night. With one last glance back at the bed, at its exhausted occupant, you open the door and walk out into the empty corridor. Now the plan will kick back in. Your husband will wait a couple of minutes before releasing the stranger, and then he will leave too. You'll meet somewhere near the car park and drive away, an anonymous couple on their way back to a home a hundred miles away. In and out like assassins. The stranger himself booked and paid for the room. No breadcrumbs left to follow.

Your body tingles as you walk back out onto the street, every nerve ending alive. The experience was far more fulfilling than you could have anticipated. What exciting possibilities now lie ahead?

The car pulls up beside you. You get in, allowing your skirt to ride up your thighs. Your husband looks at you like a desert crosser might look at an oasis. Still, he manages to get the car out of the city before his hand finds its way onto your naked thigh. You answer him by reaching into his lap and squeezing the rock hard cock you find nestling there. You smile to yourself. There's not much likelihood of you driving straight home.

You gently remove your husband's hand from your thigh. He has driving to concentrate on. Then your fingers find their way to your hot, swollen cunt lips. You have no such concerns. In fact you have nothing to do but sit there and pleasure yourself, and fantasies about the past.

And the future.